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ANNIE KLINGENSMITH

GARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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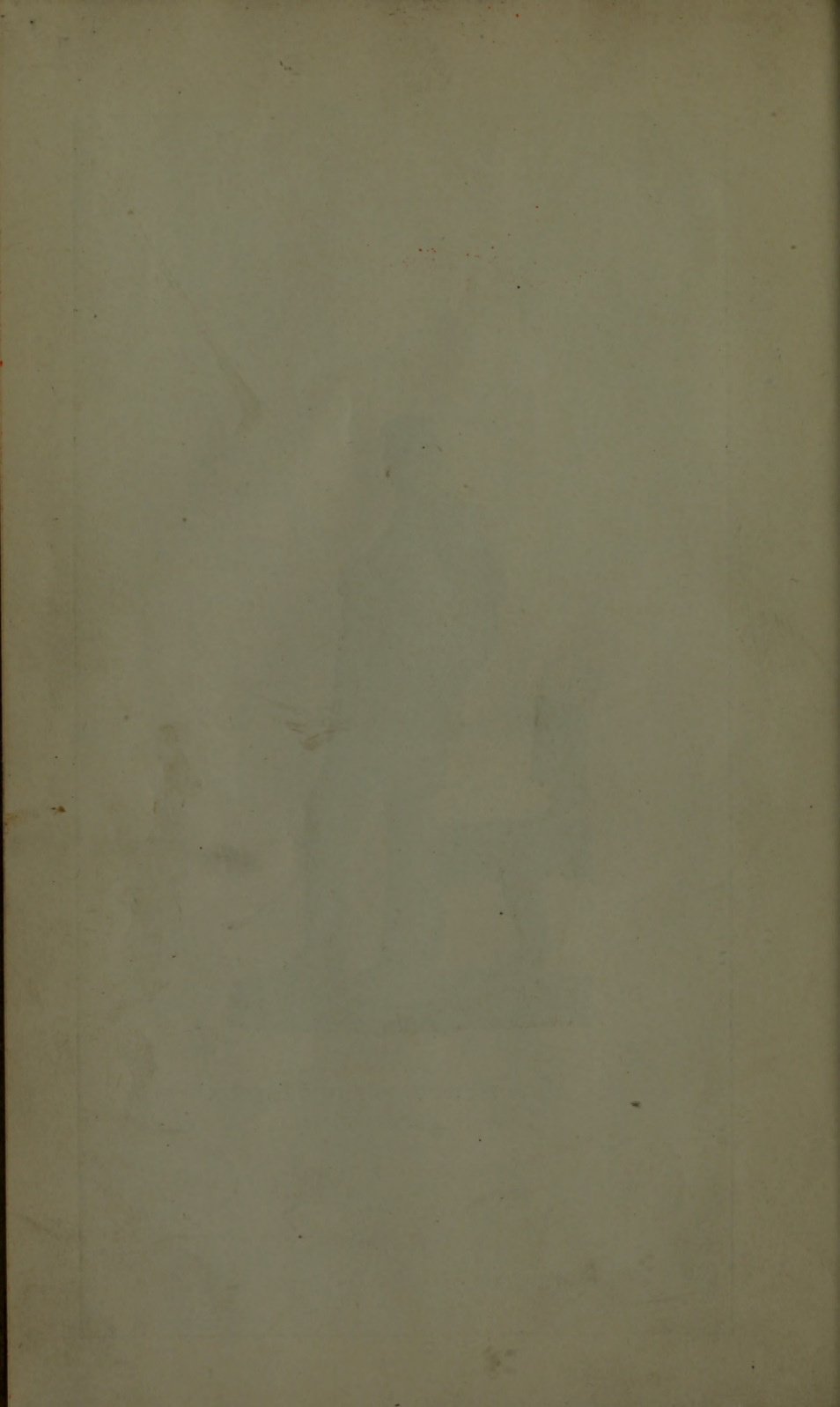
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ST. GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN
Lincoln Park, Chicago

Sketch by Marguerite Stratton

42974



We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but thro' all that tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

FOREWORD:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a very fair ensample of all knightly virtues. He was the knight without fear and without reproach. He was courteous, he defended the weak, he spoke the truth, he feared nothing that life or death can bring. He is enshrined in the hearts of the American people as no other man has ever been. The mention of his name in public places brings tears and reverent applause, regardless of the man who speaks it or of the occasion. Even the joke-loving American people desire no laughter compelling jest drawn from the life of Abraham Lincoln, and none is offered in any magazine or comic supplement.

The following collection includes extracts from some of Lincoln's speeches, characterizations, poems on the occasion of his death, his own favorite poem, and selections which are expressive of the spirit of his time.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Joseph Rodman Drake

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues are born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before
us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.

No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight and the gloom of the grave;

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation,
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps:

His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal,
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His
heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

WAR OR PEACE?

Abraham Lincoln

Extract from his first inaugural address —

MY COUNTRYMEN, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, Patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

DEDICATION SPEECH at GETTYSBURG

Abraham Lincoln

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

EXTRACT FROM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1865.

THE Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as a woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him! Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Henry Stoddard

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful great men.
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

James Russel Lowell

When a deed is done for Freedom, through
the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling
on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the
energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
thorny stem of time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots
the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings
earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recog-
nizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing
with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a
terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense
of coming ill.
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward to be
drunk up by the sod
Till a corpse crawls 'round unburied, delv-
ing in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit and an in-
 stinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
 flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet
 humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the
 gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest
 have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the
 moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
 the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
 sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever
 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, in whose
 party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes
 the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis
 Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wanders outcast now, I see
 around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield
 her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the
 beacon-moments see
That, ~~just~~ like pearls of some sunk continent,
 jut through Oblivion's sea
Not an ear in court or market for the low
 foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers,
 from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentus till the
 judgement hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's
pages but record,
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
old systems and the Word
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong ferever
on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, be-
hind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above his own.

We see dimly in the present what is small
and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn
the iron helm of faith,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the
Market's din ~~in~~
List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within, —
“They enslave their children's children who
make compromise with sin.”

Slavery, the earth born Cyclops, fellest of
the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who
have drenched the earth with blood
Famished in his self made desert, blinded
by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his
miserable prey, —
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our
helpless children play?

Then to side with truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his
Lord is crucified,
And the multitude makes virtue of the faith
they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the
contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the
golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by
their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and
to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's
bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the
cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how
each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which
in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
with his face to heaven upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward: where to-
day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the
silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in
silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
tory's golden urn.

'T is as easy to be heroes as to sit the
idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
fathers' graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the
present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards,
steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future,
that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart
old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all vir-
tue was the Past's
But we make their truth our falsehood,
thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while
our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which
drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them;
we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
new-lit alter fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer?
Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal
the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr fagots round the
prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time
makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who
would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! we
ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.

LINCOLN

James Russell Lowell

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some wornout plan.
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clean-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill
And supple tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgement for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly—earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
 Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you boquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck, my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

William Cullen Bryant

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, the Nation's trust!

In sorrow by the bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of a slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

LINCOLN'S PASSING BELL

April 15, 1865.

Lucy Larcom

Tolling, tolling, tolling!
All the bells of the land!
Lo! the patriot martyr
Taketh his journey grand;
Travels into the ages,
Bearing a hope how dear!
Into life's unknown vistas,
Liberty's great pioneer.

Tolling, tolling, tolling!
Do the budded violets know
The pain of the lingering clangor
Shaking their bloom out so?
They open into strange sorrow,
The rain of a nation's tears;
Into the saddest April
Twined with the New World's years.

Tolling, tolling, tolling!
See, they come as a cloud, —
Hearts of a mighty people,
Bearing his pall and shroud!
Lifting up, like a banner,
Signals of loss and woe
Wonder of breathless nations,
Moveth the solemn show.

Tolling, tolling, tolling!
Was it, O man beloved, —
Was it thy funeral only,
Over the land that moved
Veiled by that hour of anguish,
Borne with the rebel rout,
Forth into utter darkness,
Slavery's corse went out.

LINCOLN, THE GREAT COMMONER

Edwin Markham

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greataening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down,
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to last for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things,
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin to the Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a King.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain with the mighty heart,
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge pole up and spiked again,
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD

William Knox

The following poem was a great favorite of President Lincoln's.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lighting, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved,
The mother, that infant's affection who proved,
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memories of those who have loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah, they died—and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

MY NATIVE LAND

By Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

HOME, SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet, Sweet, home!
There's no place like home—
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that come to my call—
Give my thanks, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, Home,
Sweet, Sweet home;
There's no place like home—
There's no place like home.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

William Collins

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all ther country's wishes blest?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold, — *a*
Returns to deck their hollowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

Henry W. Longfellow.

In the dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
 The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
 And a blood hound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the wisps and glow-worms shine
 In bulrush and brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare;
On the quaking turf of the green morass,
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame:
 Great scars beformed his face,
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame,
 Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth!

THE WITNESSES

Henry W. Longfellow

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with humble forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

There are the bones of slaves,
They gleam from the abyss,
They cry from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses".

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives,
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, lust and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
We are the Witnesses!

THE FLAG GOES BY

Henry Holcomb Bennet

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

SOLDIER REST

Walter Scott

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking,
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed's champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the day-break from the fallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Francis M. Finch.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep on the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgement day;
Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgement day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
 The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and dew,
 Waiting the judgement day,
Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgement day,
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

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Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed is done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day;
Under the blossoms the Blue;
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE FATHERLAND

James Russell Lowell.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another, —
Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is the world-wide fatherland.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Thomas Buchanan Read

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung with those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of the comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept by, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told both;
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hurrahs;
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Let it be said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day!
By carrying, Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

John Greenleaf Whittier

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn in the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from its broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must. this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag”, she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred,
To life at that women’s deed and word.

“Who touches a hair of your grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tost,
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell,
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Fretchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fretchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

D. T. Shaw

Oh, Columbia the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee:
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm:
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor it cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

AMERICA FOR ME

Henry Van Dyke

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I love to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking
back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free, —
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the raging sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

NATIONAL HYMN

Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our King.

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